

ILLUSTRATED SPORTING NEWS

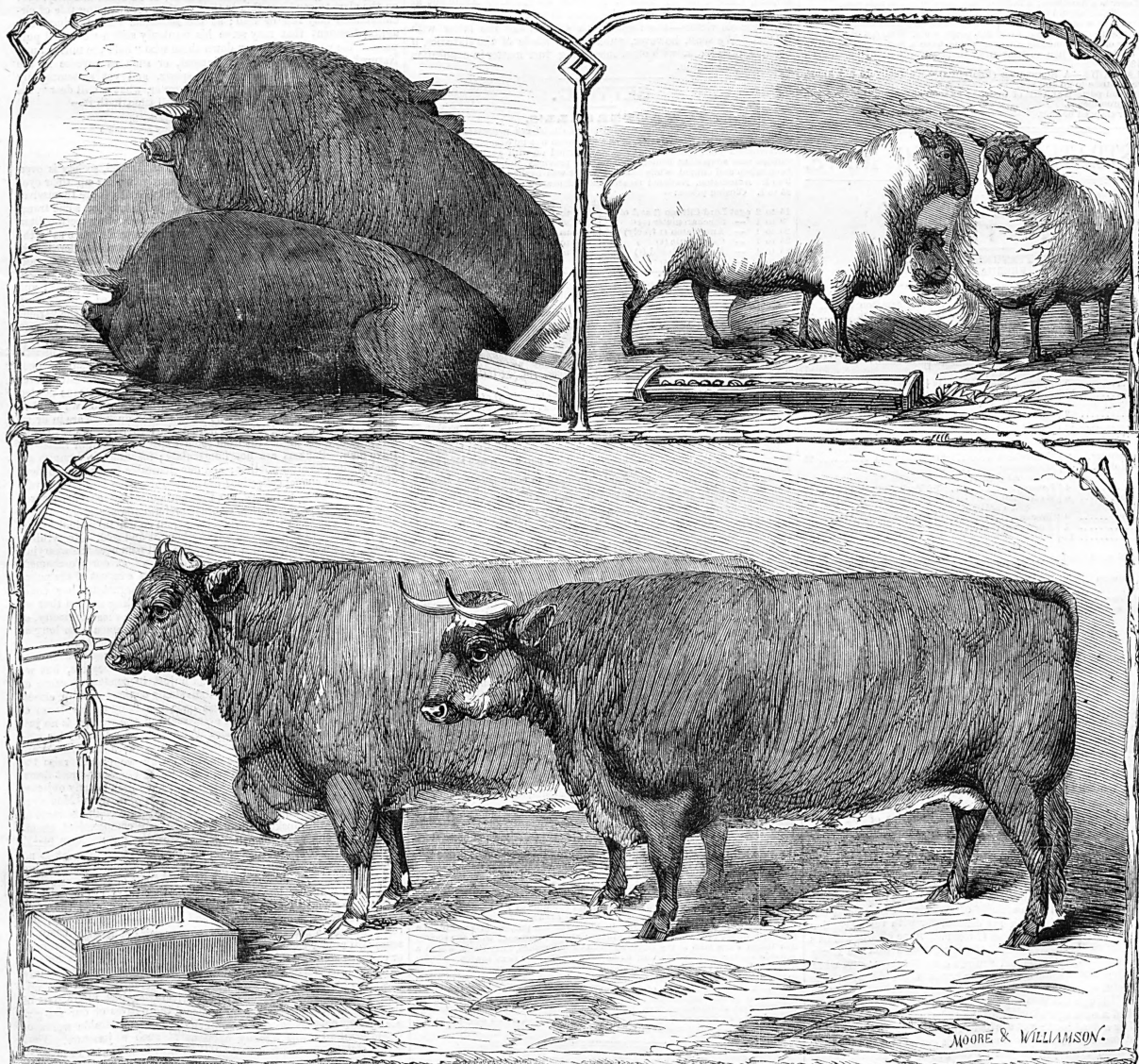


AND THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL REVIEW.

No. 40.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1862.

DOUBLE NUMBER, PRICE 2d.



PRIZE CATTLE FROM THE SMITHFIELD CLUB SHOW.

(From a Drawing by our own Artist.)

First Prize and Gold Medal—Best pen of Pigs, of any breed (No. 402). Breeder, Mr. W. Baker, of Putwell House, Christchurch, Hants.
First Prize Heifer (No. 89). Breeder, Mr. Robert Tennant, of Scaracraft Lodge, Leeds.

First Prize pen of South Downs (No. 345). Breeder, Mr. W. Riden, of Hove, Brighton, Sussex.
First Prize Steer (No. 196). Breeder, Mr. John Overman, of Barham Sutton, Norfolk.

MOORE & WILLIAMSON.

opposition. Let us hope that the day is far distant when our Olympic and gladiatorial games will be hurried into decadence; for the efficacy and downfall that succeeded to the prosperity and might of ancient Rome and Greece, consequent upon the shelving of the festivities of the arena, is a stern, sad warning and example to all educated men. And who can deny that the age in which the Olympiad flourished and reached its zenith was not as far in advance in art, in not altogether of refining and noble tastes as the age in which we now live? Pugnacity has been objected to on the score of the rabble and depredations of which its exhibitions are the progenitors. Yet even upon this point we cannot exactly concede that the occasion of a P.R. encounter is anything more exceptional than any other assembly. If the beloved sovereign of this realm opens Parliament in person, or whenever a review is announced, or the Lord Mayor's farcical show recurs, the same motley groups are collected together, and the like offences are committed. As an art, too, boxing is as noble as any, and is, in fact, as interesting as it is useful; and it was made a portion of the schooling of the rising generation it would not only be found amusing and healthy, but advantageous in a case of emergency. How many pitifully effeminate creatures, who are now waylaid by street robbers, would be glad of the courage, strength, and science to enable them to repulse and overcome their dastardly assailants? So long, however, as monarchs and nobles, and gentlemen and ladies, of the highest reputation, practise and patronise the noble art of self-defence, we have little fear of its being blighted from the list of the manly and healthful recreations of the sturdy Englishman. It is the abuse, and not the use of an art like pugilism that brings disrepute; but, under any circumstances, surely it is far better to settle a dispute by honest, manly strength and fitness than by the deadly means of either pistol or poniard.

This brings us to the great battle of Tuesday last, between Jim Dillon and Patsy Reardon. It was originally fixed to come off a fortnight back, but it was very properly deemed advisable to change the date so as not to interfere with the championship arrangements, and likewise the fight between Hicks and Gollagher. The interest attached to the match continued unabated up to the last moment, and the support given to it by the "gentlemanly division" was great in the extreme, and indubitably proves that our arrangement, as above advanced, is a just and proper one.

HISTORY AND PERFORMANCES OF THE TWO MEN.

PATSY REARDON.

As his patronymic would most assuredly indicate, Reardon is a descendant of that integral portion of the United Kingdom which Daniel O'Connell, with patriotic devotion, characterised as the "best of the best, the first gem of the sea."

Having been born at West Bandon, he will be twenty years of age on Christmas-day, and his altitude is five feet seven and a quarter inches. Like most of his kind and kin, he seemed to have an innate disposition for a box with either shillalah or bunch of fives, but the spirit lay dormant until he had transferred himself for business purposes to the land of the Glendower, and caught the notice of Dan Thomas, one of Nat Langham's ringleaders of fist operators. The consequence of this introduction may be readily divined. The Hibernian specimen of materialism, with the instinct of battle strong upon him, first made his *début* for a fiver a side, at Cardiff, on the 11th of July, 1859, against a stalwart young fellow named Lass. This very first mission he undertook proved eminently successful, and gave him a *locus standi* amongst the Welshmen. Patsy won it in thirty-five minutes, twenty-nine rounds. Like Lass, he was longed to rise in his might, and have his opponent kept and discomfited. His adviser and friend in Nat Langham, of the Mitre, St. Martin's-lane, he quickly and boldly made overtures of tourney to Smith, the Brighton Doctor, on the 24th of the following January, for £25 a side. Reardon was the favourite at 5 to 4. It was soon to be seen that he possessed all the ingredients to constitute a good boxer. Quailing not at the meeting, he bore out the calculation of Langham by administering the *coup de grace* to the Briton, and won the prize money, during which time, forty-two rounds were fought. This very battle fully established his *status* in the modern Babylon. Bearing out the old saying that the active only have the true relish of life, he speedily carried Jack Rooke, the host of the Whittington and Cat, Great Brook-street, Birmingham. This battle was fought at Woking, on the 1st of May, 1860, for £50 a side, and lasted seventy-five minutes, thirty-six rounds. It was contended for with much bravery on both sides, and it being impossible to restore hostilities the same day, the backers of the combatants held a consultation, and agreed to draw stakes. For a long while he was anxious to jostle against some one in the broadways, but he found no customer till he met Tom Shipp, a Bristolian—fighting the latter £28 to £20. They fought at Lumpers, Aug. 2nd, 1861, nine rounds, seventy-five minutes, when the police interrupted the mill. It was resumed on the succeeding day at Hill Bottom, but the magisterial authorities once more put a stop to the encounter. This time the prize was £100 a side.

Twenty-seven rounds having been fought in one hundred and ninety minutes—and a draw was eventually announced. Not wishing to hold his light under a bushel, he threw down the gauntlet to George King, of Liverpool, and the two men met on the 25th of March last, at Sheerness. The *décide* action of both on this occasion was much commended, as neither would go in and fight. After standing up for two hours and twenty-five minutes, only fourteen rounds having been reached, of quite a harmless description, the referee threw up his office in disgust, and quitted the ring. Eventually this also came to a draw. It was, however, at the time known to be a great blow to the fancy, as it was patent both men had it in them if they had liked to perform. Reardon's fight with Bourke indubitably proved this, and his subsequent victory over the renowned Bob Travers was equally as demonstrative. The last-named tournament bore date Tuesday, July 15. Only seven rounds were fought, unquestionably in favour of Travers; but in consequence of the interruption of the police the battle was resumed next day, down the river. After fighting fifty-three rounds, in four hours and five minutes, Travers was physically prostrated by the cold, so that he was entirely at the mercy of his opponent, and gave in. This victory evidently placed Reardon in a very high position in his profession, and it was some time before another professor of the art stepped forward to issue a *cardel* for his acceptance. In the meantime the articles for the pugilistic match between him and Dillon, he went forth as trainer for his task. Mr. John Garrett, the Garratt-lane, Wandsworth. His colours were a handsome yellow and black check striped handkerchief. He was backed on this occasion by Mr. William Ward, Ironfounders' Arms, Colbath, Greenwich.

JEM DILLON.

This is likewise a sprig of the Emerald Isle, but has not figured so prominently before the sporting world as his adversary, Master Reardon. Indeed, the first of his fights, which was his first, was on the occasion of his contending with Bill, better known by the name of Dooney Harris, for £25 a side, down the river, Feb. 21, 1860. After the mill of this trial battle had been worked for one hundred and thirty minutes, during which time fifty-two rounds were fought, Jem succeeded in pulling through as the conqueror, and from thence became an ardent participant in the sparring schools of the West-end. He was pitted against Smith, the Brighton Doctor, for a £25 purse, on the 1st of June, 1860, and after a most gallant and a victory in thirty-four rounds, seventy-eight minutes. For a long while he rested on his oars, doing nothing; and it was not until the Grand Master of the West-end had determined to try and make a reprisal for the defeat of his favourite, the Black, that Dillon was brought out as the chosen champion of the Mitre for retaliatory measures. How far these were successful will be seen below. Immediately articles were signed he went into due training at Brighton in company with the Londoner, Charley Jenkins, of the Lion and Stag. The latter, however, unfortunately died some little while back, and

the trainer's place was immediately supplied by that of Jack Callaghan. The training quarters were afterwards changed to Mr. Housman's, the Bolleau Arms, Hammersmith, where Callaghan, having had some minor disagreement with his man, left him, and Jem was from time to time, visited by Nat Langham, from whose house he was backed, Job Colley, Denny Sullivan, and the chief of the West-end fistic coterie. His colours were a rich purple handkerchief, with plain white border.

THE WEIGHING.

Going to scale is a point in the pugilistic art of intense interest, and is doubtless viewed upon a similar principle of high importance as in weighing the jockey at Newmarket or Doncaster—also in the minor sports of cocking and the canine fancy. It is truly a species of grand jury presentment—an ordeal which is absolutely necessary should be gone through before the combatants are entitled to come into court; or, in other words, whether, by the test of the specified impost named in the articles of battle, they can enter the roped arena without forfeiture of their bond.

Nat Langham having, a fortnight ago, won the toss for choice of weighing on behalf of Dillon, left it entirely to Jenny to name the place, and the latter availed himself of the opportunity of selecting Bob Travers's, the Sun and Thirteen Cantons, Castle-street, Leicester-square. The time was between twelve and two o'clock on Monday, when both interior and exterior of that newly-opened establishment were crowded to excess. The men, as before mentioned, were restricted in weight to 10st 2lb. Amongst the arrivals were Tom King, Messrs. Richardson, W. Preston, John Smith, Portsmouth, John Walker, of Stacey Stratford, Mr. W. Ward (Reardon's principal backer), Tommy Hockett, Joe Goss, of Northampton, Callaghan, Jesse Hatton, Young Crawley, Jerry Noon, Young Dutch Sam, Billy Duncan, Ould Nat Langham, Tom Paddock, George Crockett, Job Colley, John Smith, the Regent-street Pet, who had been putting the Irishman in the stocks, and a whole troop of the adherents of either man, and a host of gentlemen who had been attracted to the scene by the interest of the match, which in this respect, likened it to the late championship. The betting was 50 to 40 on Reardon, but the partisans of Dillon seemed inclined to wait until the ring side was reached. Dillon first mounted the scale, amidst considerable suspense, and was pretty soon followed by his opponent. Both were weighed under the specified weight, and this point being settled, the men retired to their chamber and adjusted their dress. Jem Maco, Alec Keene, and George Brown arrived just as the men had passed the scales. Reardon, it may be said, was attended by Gale, his trainer. Maco and Goss had a civil wordy war, Joe offering to make a match at 10st 7lb; but as that is, of course, out of Maco's weight, a reply was given in the negative. The virtual champion, however, added that he quite willing to make a match at 10st 7lb, and that he would fight him on any terms he might choose. The latter, however, declined to do so, and the two men agreed to articles. In about an hour's time the combatants had been separated—Reardon and his backer proceeding to Mr. W. Tupper's, the Greyhound Inn, Webster-street, Waterloo-road; and Dillon and his trainer, accompanied by Nat Langham, paid a visit to the West London Cricket Ground, to witness the walking match between Langston and Holder's Lad. Tom King departed for Mr. J. C. Baum's, the White Lion, Hackney Wick, in order to make the necessary arrangements for his forthcoming benefit.

THE FIGHT.

"You'd fight—then let's begin! A charming thing a battle, I say. I'll show you how to fight. Now mark me—let this be the trench, and you the enemy."

Round 1.—The men shook hands at seven minutes to nine o'clock, and held up for immediate business. It was at once apparent that Reardon was in the highest possible condition, but this was not to be wondered at, as he is a first-class worker, and can at any time even train himself. Of Dillon it must be said that he was exceedingly well, and his style was, to say the least, very good. He came out with a considerable science was displayed between the two men, and every manœuvre was tried for the first advance. After sparring for some minutes for an opening, Dillon planted his left on the left eye, and made away without any further notice to the combatants. The latter propped his man with the right on the right eye, and caused a rattle on the ivory case, when Dillon ducked his head, and escaped punishment by the policy of so acting. Reardon took it all in good part, and had evidently made up his mind for the job, whatever difficulties might stand in his way. A content bearing, too, possessed both sides, while the other smiled and joked only when he came up to the mark. Reardon feinted, but Jem was not to be had. Jem advanced again, and led off his left, but this well-intended one was cleverly warded off from the body. This precluded very close quarters, in which they rattled away with distinguished vigour and gameness for several minutes. Jem, full of spirit, put in good blows on the corporation. Jem, elated at his successful investment, pelted away with great determination, but caught a clipping hit with Patsy's left bunch of fives bang upon the mouthpiece. The ground was very slippery, and their partisans took occasion to make the most of the moment to rib them, to remove the dirt from their boots. When the men had been delivered at the scratch they immediately commenced business. Dillon, in making play, planted a successful right-handed hit, upon which Patsy attempted to rally, when Dillon stopped both right and left, and obtained the head of his opponent. Patsy then attempted to shirk the matter, but being, although it must be confessed he never once attempted to shirk his share of the performance, and it was apparent that he was closely watching the chances to put in one whenever he had a legitimate opening. His length of reach enabled him to accomplish his object in a short space of time, for he broke through all guard, as the guards did at Waterloo, and made it exceedingly wretched for Jem on the nasal promontory, which instantly flushed, and assumed the aspect of a nose worthy of the most decided tippler. Dillon then commenced a rally, in which good blows were exchanged. Jem fairly launched his left on the right eye, while Patsy countered by his left the right eye, and so to say, "I'll be there whenever you like it." Reardon followed this up by delivering with the dexter in a terrific hit on the sneezer, but Jem landed a well-intentioned upper cut on the knowledge box directly after. Having made this point, and made a distance accurate enough for assuming hostilities, Patsy broke in once more with a straight hit from the shoulder with the left. The blow fell with stunning effect on the nasal promontory, and the "thin red line" being distinctly visible, "first blood" was instantly awarded to Reardon, amidst the almost frantic ovations of his friends. Still Patsy seemed desirous to fight in his own corner, and it was not until he had been told that he was to be Jenny. It was quite clear, even at this early stage of the proceedings, that Patsy did not intend to throw away the slightest chance. The blow on the nose was repeated to some tune, and the reprisal came by a dash with the right on the broad-basket—the blow rebounding again, while Dillon ducked his head, and made away with all the *bonhomie* of the Hibernian. Dillon put in a severe right-handed hit on Patsy's throat, the left proving short, when the latter, with uncommon agility, gave his opponent such a severe left hand face that nearly sent him down. Reardon and Dillon took made play at the same moment, when a left-handed blow told on the forehead of Dillon, and he was nearly being in time for another one of a similar character, but he was not so before to avoid the investment. They once more broke ground, and stood rubbing themselves, and looking at each other smilingly. The attack was then recommenced—Patsy coming on the left pepper, and Jem on the left. Dillon raised his right on the prower machine, but received a stunning hit with the left on the nose, from which the Glaston Morgueaux again issued, and trickled down to the mouth. Jem spitting it out. Reardon succeeded in his attempted double, and Dillon was bashed for the moment, but yet he resumed his duties right willingly. The men were again surprised by their mutual attempts at a double, and the evasion of any kind, the match augured well for one of the more brilliant and determined character. Both had clearly got into the swim, and the exchanges on either side were telling wonderfully. After a close they rushed to the ropes, and Dillon fell. [Thirty-one minutes had now elapsed.]

Round 2.—With great self-possession, Reardon advanced to the attack, being the first from his corner. His left daylight had been touched, and he showed the marks of Jem's handiwork underneath his left arm. Dillon's nostrils and his speaking trumpet were swollen. The latter met his adversary with determination, and got home a heavy left hander on

the cheek, while Patsy shot out his right somewhat wildly, but the blow alighted on the crown of the head. Jem then beat the tattoo on Patsy's grinders. Ding-dong exchanges followed by the combatants as Patsy was retreating to his own corner he caught a nasty one on the *caput*, which he would gladly have dispensed with. They both sparred for wind a little bit, when they were at it again with the vigour with which Dillon first attempted to put in a hit, which Patsy warded off, and returned right and left. Patsy was now at the guard, however, by a bold blow right on the snuffing organ. Dillon, striving to appear well before the spectators, made play, and rallied in good style, when blows were exchanged for half a minute at half-arm's length with mutual success. Dillon was now good as his master, although of course the partisans on both sides, with excessive partiality, thought every now and then they had the best of the bargain. Patsy delivered his left on the masticators, and more blood freely flowed. If there was any mistake about Reardon this time, and in red profusion too, the odds of six to five were offered on Reardon. Dillon planted a successful right-handed hit, upon which Patsy endeavored to rally, when Dillon stopped both right and left. Patsy, determined not to be gainsayed, propped his man once more on the masticators, where his adversary was treated to a famous smack on the nasal organ. Patsy, *non commode*, bashed his man with the left on the snuffing-organ, and was met by a clipper on the throat. After this they rushed to in-fighting, and fished away merrily until they began to wrestle. Both fell simultaneously.

The combatants both on their mettle; Patsy, with much dexterity, put in most tremendous hits on his opponent's left eye, which puffed, and Reardon likewise twisted twice without any let or hindrance, on the left cheek. Dillon tried his left, which was stopped, but he would make it, and it fell impressively on the jaw. A rally at arms' length followed, which excited the utmost astonishment from the resolute and both heretofore the odds of six to five were offered, and continued this desperate milling for several minutes, the crimson tide flowing freely from Dillon's nose and mouth, and Patsy's ivory-case also bled, with his left daylight already in mourning. The men of the spectators were intensely interested in the extreme, and the men were enraptured by commendation for their determined and valiant sides. In-fighting to a close, when both were down—Dillon underneath. Round 4.—Dillon put in a left-handed hit, but it did no execution. Patsy returned, but his distance was incorrect; however, he made a good stop, and planted a blow with his left hand under the eye of his opponent. A rally now ensued. Dillon tried his left—short. He still persevered, and reached home on the masticators with terrific force. Some excellent counter-hitting followed by a rush towards the middle stake, alive and kicking, and escaped the collar with his adversary, and landed at Reardon while retreating from danger. Both the combatants determined to do their best, entered most spiritedly into another rally, when they closed, and Patsy not only gave Dillon a desperate crack with the right on the broad-winner, but stabbed his man terrifically on the mouthpiece. Round 5.—Dillon, so gallant in his conduct, was slipping right down in Patsy's corner, when he was attempting to wrestle for the fall, and Patsy showed a nose spinning with the red tide of life, as he was attended to by his seconds. Round 6.—Reardon went furiously in, and got home with the left on the ribs; he repeated the dose with effect, and Dillon, who had intended hit, but caught a napper on the left ear which looked as red as pickled cabbage, and evidently disconcerted him for the time being. Rallying still, the most prominent feature, when they closed, and Reardon, who had been in the greatest advantage over his opponent, who was somewhat weak and much heated, and fell in the end.

Round 6.—Reardon planted two blows on the head and body of his opponent, which Dillon returned by a desperate blow in Patsy's countenance, which by no means added to its beauty. Dillon was running with spirit, but Patsy stopped his career by planting a hit by a rattler on the mouthpiece, which again bled, and was a great deal of the round terminated in Dillon falling backwards outside of the ropes near his own corner.

Round 7.—Sameness conspicuous on both sides. Dillon contended with the left eye, and Patsy made his right on the countenance with stinging severity. Patsy then retreated to the ropes to recover his wind, where Dillon, improving the opportunity, put in some severe blows. Knowing his opponent's strength, he hit out, and gave at arm's length a rattling blow on the left ear again, which began to look much more like a red apple. Patsy then hit right and left, which told heavily, and got away as Jem was about advancing, and the combatants immediately commenced, in which both behaved meritoriously, and in the close both fell, the blood bursting out from nose and mouth.

Round 8.—Patsy made a very short round, Dillon led off and dropped on the ribs. Reardon beat a retreat, and with much play, and a scramble round Reardon. Reardon, with his length, broke down Jem's guard, and punished him severely in the face, his left eye clearly beginning to close, and his mouth quite puffed. Undaunted, Jem still kept at work, putting in one-two on the ribs and on the old sore on the left ear, which was now nearly well in the ordinary size. In-fighting to a close, when both fell side and side.

Round 9.—Dillon going in to rally, Patsy hit him right and left and likewise stopped two blows. Dillon made a feint with his left hand and endeavored with his right to invest on Patsy's ribs, which looked anything but a good hole; but they were stopped, and Reardon returned slightly with his left. In closing Dillon was underneath.

Round 10.—Rallying and good science prominent on both sides—hitting and stopping in good style. Dillon felt impressed he had a trump to put in, and good in vigorously with the left, and again Patsy's ribs were sore after considerably. Another round followed, in which Patsy's flush-looking ribs told severely against Patsy, and if the latter had not been a thorough game one he would have turned away at such stinging visitations. Good counter-hitting to a close, when Dillon again slipped up.

Round 11.—Patsy was trying to do round the Greenwich representative. Reardon, who had been in the greatest advantage over his opponent, who was somewhat weak and much heated, and fell in the end.

Round 12.—Cautious sparring ensued, as both needed it—Reardon was getting queer with the left eye, and Dillon in a like difficulty. Added to this both were tired, yet compelled to adopt the legitimate regulations to re-commence fighting as soon as their wind came. Jem feinted and broke away, but was followed rapidly by Reardon, who trespassed heavily on the nose, and firmly believing another visitation was intended, Dillon stepped on one side, and slipped up, in his attempt to dance away from his adversary.

Round 13.—Dillon led off first, and got well home with the left on the castor. He played round his opponent for a moment when he again dashed in with his right on the chest, but received a regular spanker on the right daylight, which added somewhat to the diminution of spirit. It was evidently a tired and tired, for no sooner had both feet been at a point than the other repossessed himself a decided advantage in some shape or form, and the cheering from the ranks was tremendous.

Round 14.—Patsy commenced the work in his usual even, steady-going style, but Jem stopped the left duke cleverly, and propped his man on the masticators, where his adversary was treated to a regular crack on the ribs with the right. They then sparred for a few moments when their seconds removed the dirt from their boots. Dillon feinted, but took nothing by his motion. Patsy got well back from punishment, and now assumed the offensive. He made an earnest venture with his right, but it was stopped heavily. Patsy's left eye was likewise got well in with his left on the damaged organ. Jem looked puffed and stepped on one side to consider of things in general. He did not wait long, but dashed in, regardless of all consequences, and delivered both left and right with stinging severity on the left ear, and right across the bridge of the nose. Good counter hitting, until the close, when Dillon went to grass.

Round 15.—All these rounds were exceedingly short, there being sharp in-fighting at the commencement, and each time Dillon was down, with his opponent over him.

Round 16.—When he came up Dillon looked the mere carerown of the two, although it was evident neither one nor the other intended to shirk their work. Jem led off with his left on the body, but napped it in return on the ivory case. Dillon home on the nasal organ, which spun out with blood. A like sparring for wind, when another furious attack was made by Dillon, who propped well with the left on the body. Counter hitting followed, in which there was not a shade of difference as to superiority, but the round terminated by Dillon again slipping up.

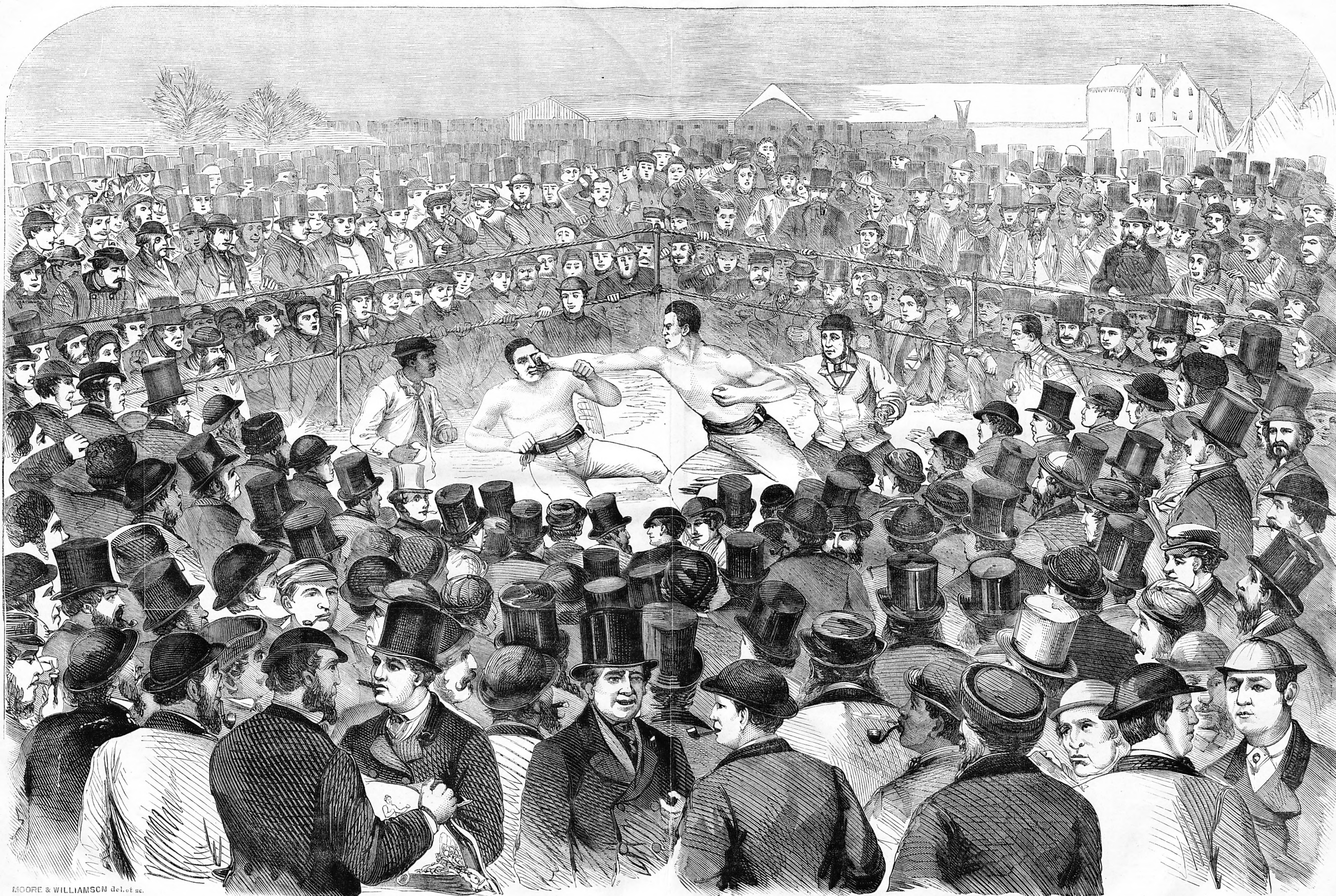
(Continued on page 359.)

There were some golden pheasants, silver pheasants, and the mean-
ing little bird the Chinese pheasants proper. The 277 pens of
birds comprised specimens of various stages of excellence, of pouters,
peacocks, dragons, almond tumblers, short-faced mottles, baldheads,
reds and tumblers, kites, agates, duns and grizzles, Jacobines, owls,
suns, turbits, fantails, barbs, magpies, trumpeters, Spanish and Leg-

be sufficient to convince the most sceptical of the efficacy of the medicine. — Boxes, 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 7s. 6d.; post, 6d. extra.—8, Hanway street, Oxford-street.—Post Order D. Brodie.—Stamps taken.

intellectual actress, and gives token that she has studied her author's meaning, as well as his words. It is not perhaps saying too much to affirm, that of the young ladies now before the public as stars, Miss

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MOORE & WILLIAMSON del. et sc.

THE GREAT FIGHT BETWEEN JEM MACE AND TOM KING,

For 400 Sovs. and the Championship of England, at Thames Haven, Nov. 26th, 1862.

"KING CAUGHT HIS MAN A TERRIFIC HIT WITH THE RIGHT, AND COMPLETELY FLOORED HIM. THE BLOW WAS AN ASTONISHINGLY
 (From Drawing by our own Artists.)

See "Illustrated Sporting News" Nov. 29, 1862.

CRICKET.

YORK COUNTY AVERAGES.

ONLY four county matches in 1862. The first was played early in the season at the Oval; afterwards one with Kent and the return with Surrey at Bramhall-lane Ground, Sheffield, and the Kent return at Cranbrook, which was designated as a complimentary benefit for one of the finest English batters of the day—Richard Mills, the left-handed player. The result of these county engagements was as follows:—

DATE AND PLACE.	Side.	1st Inn.	2nd Inn.	Total.
June 2, 3, 4, Sheffield.	Yorkshire.	82	113	195
	Kent.	90	133	223
July 7, 8, 9, Sheffield.	Yorkshire won by two wickets.	124	138	262
	Surrey.	104	133	237
May 26, 27, 28, Oval.	Yorkshire won by three wickets.	107	117	224
	Surrey.	145	54	199
July 24, 25, 26, Cranbrook.	Yorkshire won by thirty-five runs.	61	163	224
	Kent.	87	115	202

George Anderson heads the list of players, having contributed not only the largest number of runs, but made the most in a match and the highest average. His best performance was at Sheffield, in the return match with Surrey, in the first innings he made 36, yielding to Catlyn, and the next 39 (not out). The county may justly be proud of the position their fine batsman has attained during the season of 1862.

R. Iddison is next on the list as a run-getter and average scorer. He has played with great success through the matches for his county, but his largest score and innings was in the match against Surrey, at the Oval, in which he made 42 and 44.

J. Rowbottom stands next on the list as regards average, and his fine innings of 29 (not out) against Kent, at Sheffield, in the first match, was the largest made on behalf of Yorkshire during the season.

We now give the average in tabular form:—

NAMES.	Matches.	Innings out.	Runs.	Most in a match.	Least in a match.	Times not out.	Average per innings.	Over.
Anderson, G.	4	7	190	39	7	1	27.14	—
Iddison, R.	4	7	137	42	12	1	19.57	—
Rowbottom, J.	4	7	103	39	6	1	14.71	—
Berry, J.	4	7	76	21	28	1	10.85	—
Hilton, W.	4	7	76	21	28	1	10.85	—
Stephenson, E.	4	7	54	15	24	0	7.71	—
Rodgers, I.	4	7	34	11	15	2	4.85	—
Atkinson, G.	4	7	34	11	15	2	4.85	—
Thewlis, J.	4	7	34	11	15	2	4.85	—
Freest, Mr. W.	4	7	34	11	15	2	4.85	—
Slin, W.	4	7	34	11	15	2	4.85	—
Brownhill, T.	4	7	34	11	15	2	4.85	—

RUGBY SCHOOL AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Matches.	Innings out.	Runs.	Most in a match.	Least in a match.	Times not out.	Average per innings.	Over.
R. B. Cooper.	15	24	700	141	14	4	29.16	—
O. Marshall.	15	22	327	51	61	8	14.86	—
J. S. E. Hood.	20	30	459	70	4	0	15.30	—
G. P. Robertson.	20	30	459	70	4	0	15.30	—
H. V. Ellis.	19	30	328	54	17	9	10.93	—
H. Case.	19	30	328	54	17	9	10.93	—
G. S. Owen.	14	22	168	40	4	1	7.63	—
W. Lloyd.	18	26	220	37	43	1	8.46	—
R. Murray.	19	28	182	26	29	0	6.50	—
H. H. Davis.	17	26	181	26	40	4	6.92	—
G. Van der Meulen.	19	30	275	45	72	2	9.16	—

ANALYSIS OF THE BOWLING.

NAMES.	Innings bowled.	Balls bowled.	Number of overs.	Runs made.	Maiden overs.	Wickets.	Wide balls.	Average wickets per innings.	Over.
J. B. Cooper.	14	1104	276	496	71	55	0	3.13	—
R. S. E. Hood.	28	3730	974	452	97	0	0	3.13	—
G. P. Robertson.	9	728	182	215	70	33	0	2.18	—
R. S. Owen.	18	2124	531	245	30	15	0	1.41	—
R. Murray.	8	772	193	245	85	20	15	0.62	—

INCOGNITI CLUB.

THIS club has played two matches, of which five were lost, five won, and two drawn. Mr. Green and Mr. Gaiskell obtained the best batting average, while Mr. A. Hemming, in the bowling department, took most wickets. The funds of the club are in a good condition, and a most successful season is looked for next year. Appended is an analysis of the matches and the batsmen's averages:—

DATE AND PLACE.	Side.	1st Inn.	2nd Inn.	Total.
May 27, Ealing.	Incongniti.	136	136	272
	Incongniti.	64	75	139
June 7, Eton & Middlesex Grd.	Incongniti won by one innings and 7 runs.	303	—	303
	King's College.	81	—	81
June 14, Tufnell Park.	Incongniti.	84	—	84
	Phœnix.	84	—	84
June 21, Putney.	Incongniti won by 28 runs.	68	68	136
	Incongniti.	68	—	68
June 26, Tufnell Park.	Incongniti won by 11 runs.	146	—	146
	Incongniti.	146	—	146
June 27, Hampton Court.	Incongniti won by 44 runs.	96	—	96
	Incongniti.	96	—	96
July 8, Tufnell Park.	Incongniti won by 28 runs.	172	—	172
	Incongniti.	172	—	172
July 12, Tufnell Park.	Incongniti won by 28 runs.	128	—	128
	Incongniti.	128	—	128
July 25, Tufnell Park.	Incongniti won by one innings and 17 runs.	147	—	147
	Incongniti.	147	—	147
July 29, Tufnell Park.	Incongniti won by one innings and 38 runs.	180	—	180
	Incongniti.	180	—	180
August 4, Uxbridge.	Incongniti won by 88 runs on first innings.	105	133	238
	Uxbridge.	67	64	131
September 5, Tufnell Park.	Incongniti lost by 60 runs.	167	—	167
	Incongniti.	167	—	167

BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Matches.	Innings.	Runs.	Most in a match.	Least in a match.	Times not out.	Average per innings.	Over.
J. H. Green.	2	3	1	38	38	0	33.33	—
C. Gaiskell.	3	5	4	44	44	0	26.66	—
G. S. Newson.	3	5	4	28	28	0	19.11	—
W. Henderson.	3	5	4	28	28	0	19.11	—
C. J. Bruce.	8	11	3	43	136	17	11.11	—
A. Hawkins.	10	14	0	70	70	13	5.38	—
F. Hemming.	14	14	1	11	18	18	0.71	—
A. Jeffery.	4	5	0	40	40	1	12.00	—
A. Hemming.	7	10	2	23	23	11	2.09	—
A. Smith.	6	7	1	21	21	6	1.66	—
A. Breton.	6	7	1	21	21	6	1.66	—
P. Beaver.	4	5	0	36	36	4	9.00	—
P. Parkinson.	4	5	0	15	15	4	3.75	—
T. Holdich.	4	5	0	15	15	4	3.75	—
R. Atkin.	4	5	0	18	18	4	4.50	—
R. Haddock.	4	5	0	18	18	4	4.50	—
P. Wilkinson.	4	5	0	18	18	4	4.50	—
A. Daniels.	4	5	1	10	10	2	5.00	—

* Signifies not out.

DULWICH UNION CLUB.

BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Matches.	Innings.	Runs.	Most in a match.	Least in a match.	Times not out.	Average per innings.	Over.
F. Dingo.	4	7	11	31	0	17	1.57	—
A. Kettlewell.	4	7	4	10	0	17	0.58	—
A. Knox.	4	7	1	17	1	12	0.14	—
J. T. Horner.	4	7	1	17	1	12	0.14	—
J. Anderson.	4	7	1	17	1	12	0.14	—
C. R. Fleming.	4	7	1	17	1	12	0.14	—
R. H. Sullivan.	4	7	1	17	1	12	0.14	—
H. Fleming.	4	7	1	17	1	12	0.14	—
R. K. Causton.	4	7	1	17	1	12	0.14	—
C. Hore.	4	7	1	17	1	12	0.14	—
G. Anderson.	4	7	1	17	1	12	0.14	—
P. Bicknell.	4	7	1	17	1	12	0.14	—
W. H. Fleming.	4	7	1	17	1	12	0.14	—
J. G. Goss.	4	7	1	17	1	12	0.14	—
P. Simon.	4	7	1	17	1	12	0.14	—
E. Blacknell.	4	7	1	17	1	12	0.14	—
W. Kettlewell.	4	7	1	17	1	12	0.14	—

GLASGOW THISTLE CRICKET CLUB.

THIS club, which for a number of years, was the most noted among the numerous clubs of King's Park, the great nursery of cricket in Glasgow, succeeded in obtaining suitable ground at Wester Craig, Duke-street, the early part of this year, where they have spent a most agreeable and successful season, as will be seen from the undeterred summary of matches. It is the intention of the managers of the club to endeavour to make the Glasgow Thistle the most powerful and greatest cricketing organ in the east-end of the city. This is a step in the right direction, for while the Clyde-side, West of Scotland, and Caledonian Clubs represent the cricketing blood of the south, west, and north parts of the "metropolis of the west," there has been, as yet, nothing done to foster, encourage, and represent the fast increasing "east" side. We hope, then, that the exertions of the managers of the Thistle will meet with the approval and support which, in our opinion, they richly merit. The ninth annual general meeting of the club was held in the Waverley Hotel, George-square, on the evening of Tuesday, the 4th November, when the following energetic staff of office-bearers were elected for the forthcoming season of 1863:—Patrons: J. Adam, Esq., Wester Craig House, Glasgow; J. Steven, Esq., Greenock; D. M. King, Esq., Glasgow. President, William Scott, Esq., Secretary, Andrew C. Steven, Esq., Treasurer, Robert Carr, Esq., Committee: Messrs. Wm. Smith, W. R. Steven, B. B. Barley, Thos. Sneddon, John T. Smith, Geo. Marshall, and Jos. Slater. The annual *soiree* and ball of the club is to take place in the Grand Hotel, on Wednesday, the 29th inst., at 7.30 p.m., when we have no doubt that the proceedings will be conducted in that manner which has hitherto characterised those happy and social meetings. We wish them all success.

The following is a summary of matches played in 1862:—

DATE AND PLACE.	Side.	1st Inn.	2nd Inn.	Total.
May 28, Wester Craig.	Glasgow Thistle.	62	—	62
	Carlton (Glasgow).	62	—	62
Carlton won in the first innings by 20 runs, Thistle lost only four wickets in the second innings.				
June 7, Greenhill Park, Paisley.	Glasgow Thistle.	—	—	—
	Carlton (Glasgow).	—	—	—
Abandoned on account of the weather.				
June 28, Wester Craig.	Greenock.	38	32	70
	Thistle won in the first innings by 20 runs, and lost three wickets in the second innings.			
July 5, Wester Craig.	Glasgow Thistle.	30	102	132
	Eglington (Glasgow).	34	—	34
Eglington won in the first innings by 34 runs, and lost three wickets in the second innings.				
July 26, Wellington Park.	Greenock.	67	—	67
	Thistle had only one wicket to fall.	30	—	30
August 2, Pollokshaws.	Pollock.	38	—	38
	Second Eleven of Glasgow Thistle.	78	—	78
August 16, Wester Craig.	Pollock.	33	—	33
	Thistle won by one innings and 38 runs.			
August 23, Caledonian Road.	Glasgow Thistle.	44	—	44
	Thistle won by 29 runs in the first innings, Eglington had five wickets to fall in the second innings.			
August 30, Wester Craig.	Scratch Eleven of Glasgow Thistle.	78	—	78
	Atthill (Glasgow).	35	—	35
September 6, Wester Craig.	Glasgow Thistle.	61	—	61
	Carlton (Glasgow).	75	—	75
September 20, Greenhill Park, Paisley.	Glasgow Thistle.	51	30	81
	Paisley Thistle won the first innings by 30 runs, and only lost two wickets in their second innings.			
October 23, Helensburgh.	Glasgow Thistle.	40	—	40
	Eglington (Glasgow).	40	—	40
Abandoned on account of the weather.				

BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Matches.	Innings.	Runs.	Most in a match.	Least in a match.	Times not out.	Average per innings.	Over.
G. Marshall.	7	7	100	38	38	0	14.28	—
W. R. Steven.	6	6	60	32	32	0	10.00	—
J. Munro.	4	5	49	22	22	0	9.80	—
T. Swindell.	10	14	44	10	10	1	3.14	—
R. Craig.	10	14	36	13	9	1	2.57	—
D. Picken.	6	6	25	15	15	0	4.16	—
J. B. Barley.	6	6	25	15	15	0	4.16	—
J. McConnell, jun.	5	7	21	9	9	5	1.50	—
A. McAllister.	2	2	19	19	19	0	9.50	—
W. Smith.	2	2	19	19	19	0	9.50	—
A. C. Steven.	6	6	13	7	7	1	2.16	—
J. Forsyth.	8	9	13	6	6	6	0.66	—
Slater.	6	6	12	10	10	1	2.00	—
J. Mather.	4	4	9	8	8	0	2.25	—
D. Robertson.	4	4	9	8	8	0	2.25	—
T. L. Grierison.	3	3	7	7	7	0	2.33	—
W. Scott.	1	1	7	7	7	0	7.00	—
J. Steven.	1	1	7	7	7	0	7.00	—
J. McNaughtan.	2	2	4	4	4	0	2.00	—

* Signifies not out.

COURSING.

FIXTURES FOR 1862.

PLACE.	COCKY.	JUDGE.	MEETING.
Apley Park.	Salop.	Mr. Chenington.	15, 16
Androssan Club, Sharnhall.	Salop.	Mr. Warwick.	17, 18, 19
Baldock Club, Hampton.	Salop.	Mr. Warwick.	21, 22
Spethorne Club, Hampton.	Salop.	Mr. Warwick.	23, 24
County Club, Middlesex.	Salop.	Mr. Warwick.	25, 26
Amicable Club.	Middlesex.	Mr. Warwick.	5, 7
Danor Club, Ireland.	Salop.	Mr. Walker.	10
County Club, Ireland.	Salop.	Mr. R. Westropp.	7, 8
Spethorne Club, Hampton.	Middlesex.	Mr. Warwick.	15, 14
Cork Southern Club, Coole.	Ireland.	Mr. Westropp.	14
Kilkenny Club.	Ireland.	Mr. Westropp.	14 and 15
Altcar Club.	Ireland.	Mr. Westropp.	21, 22
Ridway Club, Lytham.	Lancashire.	—	3, 4, 5
Cardington Club.	Salop.	Mr. Warwick.	4 and 5
Danor Club, Ireland.	Salop.	Mr. Walker.	10
Androssan Club, Sharnhall.	Salop.	Mr. Warwick.	11 and 12
Kilkenny Club.	Ireland.	Mr. Westropp.	14
Baldock Club, Hampton.	Salop.	Mr. Warwick.	17, 18, 19
Newport.	Salop.	Mr. T. E. Issard.	12
Spethorne Club.	Salop.	Mr. Warwick.	17, 18, 19
Altcar Club.	Salop.	Mr. Westropp.	21, 22
County Club.	Middlesex.	Mr. Warwick.	25, 26
Amicable Club.	Middlesex.	Mr. Warwick.	5, 7
Danor Club.	Salop.	Mr. Walker.	10
County Club.	Salop.	Mr. R. Westropp.	7, 8
Spethorne Club.	Salop.	Mr. Warwick.	15, 14
Cork Southern Club.	Ireland.	Mr. Westropp.	14
Kilkenny Club.	Ireland.	Mr. Westropp.	14 and 15
Altcar Club.	Ireland.	Mr. Westropp.	21, 22
Ridway Club.	Lancashire.	—	3, 4, 5
Cardington Club.	Salop.	Mr. Warwick.	4 and 5
Danor Club.	Salop.	Mr. Walker.	10
Androssan Club.	Salop.	Mr. Warwick.	11 and 12
Kilkenny Club.	Ireland.	Mr. Westropp.	14
Baldock Club.	Salop.	Mr. Warwick.	17, 18, 19
Newport.	Salop.	Mr. T. E. Issard.	12
Spethorne Club.	Salop.	Mr. Warwick.	17, 18, 19
Altcar Club.	Salop.	Mr. Westropp.	21, 22
County Club.	Middlesex.	Mr. Warwick.	25, 26
Amicable Club.	Middlesex.	Mr. Warwick.	5,

(Continued from page 347.)

After waiting all day, they were compelled to leave, as no referee put in a appearance during the whole time. It will be recollected that that

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

WILL MACE RETAIN THE BELT?

REMARKS.

ANOTHER INTERNATIONAL MATCH

BLAIR'S GOUT AND RHEUMATIC

of St. Bride, in the City of London, where all communications are to be addressed. All communications to be addressed "Enron."—Saturday, December 13th, 1862.
First Edition.